Be not ſelfe-wild for thou art much too faire,
To be deaths conqueſt and make wormes thine heire.

An invitation to Marriage.

MVſick to heare, why hear'ſt thou muſick ſadly,
Sweets with ſweets warre not, joy delights in joy:
Why lov'ſt thou that which thou receavſt not gladly,
Or elſe receiv'ſt with pleaſure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well tuned ſounds,
By unions married do offend thine eare,
They do but ſweetly chide thee, who confounds
In ſingleneſſe the parts that thou ſhould'ſt beare:
Marke how one ſtring ſweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutuall ordering;
Reſembling ſier, and child, and happy mother,
Who all in one, one pleaſing note do ſing:
Whoſe ſpeechleſſe ſong being many, ſeeming one,
Sings this to thee thou ſingle wilt prove none.
It is for feare to wet a widdowes eye
That thou conſum'ſt thy ſelfe in ſingle life?
Ah! if thou iſſueleſſe ſhalt hap to die,
The world will waile thee like a makeleſſe wife,
The world will be thy widdow and ſtill weepe,
That thou no forme of thee haſt left behind,
When every privat widdow well may keepe,
By childrens eyes, her husbands ſhape in minde:
Looke what an unthrift in the world doth ſpend
Shifts but his place, for ſtill the world enjoyes it

But beauties waſte hath in the world an end,
And kept unus'd the uſer ſo deſtroyes it:
No love toward others in that boſome ſits
That on himſelfe ſuch murdrous ſhame com
For ſhame deny that thou bear'ſt love to any
Who for thy ſelfe art ſo unprovident
Grant if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,
But that thou none lov'ſt is moſt evident:
For thou art ſo poſſeſt with murdrous hate,
That gainſt thy ſelfe thou ſtickſt not to conſpi
Seeking that beautious roofe to ruinate
Which to repaire ſhould be thy chiefe deſire:
O change thy thought, that I may change my
Shall hate be fairer log'd then gentle love?
Be as thy preſence is gracious and kind,
Or to thy ſelfe at leaſt kind hearted prove,
Make thee another ſelfe for love of me,
That beautie ſtill may live in thine or thee.
As faſt as thou ſhalt wane ſo faſt thou grow'ſt,
In one of thine, from that which thou departeſt
And that freſh blood which youngly thou beſto
Thou maiſt call thine, when thou from youth c
Herein lives wiſedome, beautie, and increaſe,
Without this folly, age, and cold decay,
If all were minded ſo, the times ſhould ceaſe,
And threeſcore yeares would make the world
Let thoſe whom nature hath not made for ſtor
Harſh featureleſſe, and rude, barrenly periſh,
Looke whom ſhe beſt indow'd, ſhe gave the m
Which bountious gift thou ſhouldſt in bounti
She carv'd thee for her ſeale, and meant there
Thou ſhouldſt print more, not let that copy

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